

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

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A PICTURE

OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From the Port Folio of a traveller.

The Catholic worship has this advantage over the Protestant, that its churches are always open to persons disposed to devotion. Tell me not, Julius, that wherever we pray, there is a temple—the multitude must have sensible objects; and in truth, it is more elevating and more satisfactory to have an opportunity of pouring forth our sorrows and seeking the consolations of religion in a place exclusively appropriated to its solemnities. Though all who enter may not bring with them hearts impressed with a real sense of religion, yet should there be one only in this predicament, I would step up to him and silently breathe a wish, that his prayers may be heard.

Being obliged, during the summer of 1808, to reside at —, I paid a daily visit to the cathedral, and found it at all hours full of persons engaged in prayer. My notice was particularly attracted by a lady in mourning, whom I always observed about noon at one of the altars, kneeling before a votive picture, representing a girl borne on angels' wings aloft to heaven. Sometimes two young women, of exquisite beauty, were kneeling beside her, but in general I found her alone. The deep-rooted grief, the tranquil resignation expressed in her countenance, all the traces of whose charms affliction had not been able to

obliterate, the piety that beamed in her eyes as she raised them to the Blessed Virgin, always drew me irresistibly towards her. I never beheld her without a mixture of admiration, sympathy, and respect, and—smile if you please—her devotion always heightened my own religious feelings. One day I found her pale as death, while streams of tears trickled incessantly down her cheeks. Her sorrows overcame her; she rose abruptly, passed me with unsteady step, and was lifted almost senseless into her carriage. At the foot of a pillar at a little distance, I perceived a venerable old man, whom I had frequently before met in the most lonely alleys of the Park, where I sometimes so far conquered his reserve as to draw him into familiar conversation.

When he had finished his prayers, I went up to him, and asked if he knew the lady in whose affliction my heart felt so deep an interest. "Indeed I do know her," replied he, raising his eyes swimming in tears towards heaven. "For thirty years I was her husband's valet, and have myself witnessed all the woes than which none more aggravated can befall a human being." We quitted the church; he directed his steps to the Park, and I involuntarily followed. "I could not help remarking your sympathy," said he, after a long silence, "and I honour your excellent heart; but what would be its feelings were I to relate to you all the circumstances of this horrible history! Come with me," he continued, "you have won my confidence; perhaps it will lighten my heart, if I pour forth my griefs into the bosom of a stranger." So saying, he led me to a distant alley, seated himself beside me, and thus began.

"The marquis of D—, my kind and beloved master, whom I carried in my arms from the time of his birth, was adored by all his tenants, when the revolution broke out, and transformed even these people into furies. His mansions were pillaged and demolished, and nothing but the most precipitate flight could have saved the lives of himself and his family. With a heart glowing with ardent love for

his country, he resigned himself to his fate, voluntarily renounced all his pretensions, and withdrew into the most profound retirement. But even hither he was pursued by the blood-hounds of the reign of terror, and the most honest man in France fell by the guillotine. On the very same day that the father bled beneath the axe of the executioner, a son, who served under the banners of the republic, wounded in the battle of Jemappe, became a cripple, and after languishing in extreme pain for several years, at length expired in the arms of his mother. The marchioness returned on account of the education of her daughters, to her native town, and there lived in great seclusion, partly by the work of her own hands. There we had been but a few months, when the monster Lebon fixed his residence in the same town.

Ask me not to recapitulate his numberless atrocities; I strive to forget them, but their image haunts me incessantly. One evening as we sat together in our solitary room, we were terrified by the public proclamation of a great execution; twenty eight of our fellow citizens, and among them thirteen young females, were doomed to suffer the next morning by the axe of the guillotine. Lebon, with consistent barbarity, at the same time issued orders, that the people should all attend this spectacle; and signified, that it should be at the peril of life if any individual presumed to disobey this infernal command. Madame de D—, not yet recovered from a dangerous illness, was unable to leave her bed, and consulted me what was to be done.

We saw no other alternative than for me to take her eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, along with me. The dreadful morning came—Oh God! it is just fifteen years since this very day! The marchioness summoned all her fortitude in order to appear composed, and enjoined Eugenia in the strictest manner to repress her tears and every demonstration of sympathy. We went silently along, and I trembled more than the child. The horrible tragedy began. I did not observe Lebon himself; but his wife,

a tiger in human shape, sat with a look of hellish triumph on the scaffold. I whispered Eugenia to keep up her spirits; she squeezed my hand, and replied—"Have I not promised mamma that I would?" She stood beside me pale and breathless, but with a composure and resignation that excited my astonishment: in this tender bud, I saw a positive proof how much the female soul surpasses us in the patient endurance of pain and in fortitude amidst danger. Sixteen victims were already sacrificed; the seventeenth was led forth. She was the playmate and intimate friend of Eugenia. We expected the dear girl to pass the same evening of the same day with us, to celebrate in quiet her mother's birth day—and here we beheld her dragged to the slaughter. Eugenia shuddered; I felt her tremble violently; her tears were no longer to be restrained. I prayed to Heaven to protect her, but the measure of our misery was not yet full: the axe, having probably by this time become blunt, did not quite separate the head from the body; the executioner was therefore necessitated to finish the operation with a knife.—This spectacle was too powerful for the revolted senses of the poor girl; she fell with a shriek of horror, as if lifeless into my arms. The fury on the scaffold immediately fixed her basilisk eyes upon us. "Seize that aristocrat!" cried she,—"away with her to prison!" A hundred hands were instantly ready to tear the unconscious victim out of my arms. I entreated, I resisted; but what could a poor feeble man like me do? Indeed, I cannot, even to this very moment, conceive how it happened that I was not dragged to prison along with her.

My first movement was to follow Eugenia, but I considered, that it was more urgent to hasten to her mother, and concert means for effecting her release. Anxiety gave courage and strength to the marchioness, ill as she was; and we succeeded, by means of large bribes, in obtaining admission into the prison. What a scene for my grey hairs! what a trial for the heart of a mother! Madame de D— sunk at her daughter's feet, and protested that she would never part from her unfortunate child; but I represented to her, nothing but active measures could save her, and that these attempts ought to be made without loss of time.

"She flew to the judges, whilst I carried the gold to the gaoler. She knelt before Lebon. All was in vain! the most sacred thing in nature, the anguish of a mother, was turned into ridicule. The marchioness was extended insensible upon her bed, which was vigilantly surrounded by her friends to prevent any dangerous paroxysms of despair. To me was allotted the inexpressible pain of seeing the youthful victim once more. O sir! all the woes that ever befel this grey head put together, are nothing in comparison with these two miserable days. The tears of the poor girl when she fell about my neck in speechless agony, still seem to burn upon my cheek; so closely did she cling about me, that it required the whole strength of the gaoler to tear her away. The piercing accents in which she implored me to save her, still ring in my ears; and her pale figure, as she clasped her hands and sobbed forth—"Ambrose, dear Ambrose! must I then really die?"—is constantly present to my view. But enough, sir, enough! I feel that my grief is too powerful for my strength: yet I should never have imagined, that fifteen years would do so little towards diminishing it.

"Early next morning I was posted at the prison door; the victims were led out, and among them the innocent Eugenia. God must have sent his good angels to her; for from her countenance beamed the glories of heaven. When she saw me, she folded her hands over her bosom, and said in a low tone—"My mamma! my dear mamma!" The guard separated us, but I followed her as closely as I could; my eyes accompanied her upon the scaffold.—The church clock was just striking twelve when my Eugenia ascended the scaffold—I saw her led forward, and at length—yes, sir, these eyes witnessed the spilling of the most innocent blood. I felt but too clearly, that this sight would make me miserable for the rest of my life. At that time I could still weep; now my eyes have no more tears, and I daily implore Heaven in mercy to close them soon forever."

"And the marchioness?" said I, as we rose from our seat, "whence did she derive strength and fortitude to triumph over death and despair?"— "She has still two daughters, who were then quite young children, and without her would have been lost amidst the general misery: for their

sake her great soul strove to support itself, and but for them the friendly hand of death would long since have put an end to all her sorrow."

I accompanied the old man to his home. Neither of us spoke another word, and we parted in silence.

FEMALE COURAGE.

The Gazette of Augsbugh gives a singular account of presence of mind in the daughter of a gamekeeper, residing in a solitary house at Weilheim. Her father and the rest of the family had gone to church, when there appeared at the door an old man, apparently dead with cold. Feeling for his situation, she let him in, and went into the kitchen to prepare him some soup. Through a window which communicated from the room she had left him in with the kitchen, she perceived he had dropt the beard he had on when he entered; that he now appeared a robust man: and that he was pacing the chamber with a poignard in his hand. Finding no mode of escape, she armed herself with a chopper in one hand, and the boiling soup in the other, and entering the room where he was, first threw the soup in his face, and afterwards struck him a blow on the neck with the hatchet which deprived him of sense.—At this moment a fresh knock at the door occasioned her to look out of the window, when she saw a strange hunter, who demanded admittance, and on her refusal, threatened to break open the door; she immediately got her father's gun, and, as he was proceeding to put his threat into execution, she shot him through the right shoulder, on which he took to the forest. Half an hour after, a third person came and asked after an old man who must have passed that way. She said she knew nothing of him; and after useless menaces, if she did not open the door, he also proceeded to beat it in, when she shot him dead on the spot. The excitement of her courage being now at an end, her spirits began to sink, and she fired shots and screamed from the window, until some gendarmes came to her; but she would not open the door until the return of her father.

Never fix your liking on any man, that has not those good qualities, which you have laboured after yourself, and who is not likely to be a friend to virtue.

THE CATACOMBS IN PARIS.

FROM RAFFLE'S TOUR.

The catacombs present a different scene. There, underneath the ground, you pass through innumerable streets and lanes, whose buildings, if one may so speak, are composed of human bones, collected from the different cemeteries of Paris, and arranged according to the receptacles whence they were collected. It is, indeed, a golgotha—a place of skulls! You pass through parishes of the dead. It is Paris in the grave. Here its once gay and busy people lie ranged in their last house, according to the houses they occupied whilst living.—It is an affecting sight—it is like going down into the very heart of the empire of death, and intruding into the capital of the king of terrors. One pile alone, contains two millions four hundred thousand human skulls, and the different heaps extend a mile in length. Nothing can be conceived more solemn and affecting than a visit to these dreary abodes. The indistinctness with which objects are seen by the feeble light of the tapers you carry in your hand—the intricacy and uncertainty of the path you traverse, and which is only indicated as the right one, by a black line drawn along the roof of the cavern, the loss of which clue might be fatal to the party—the thick and palpable darkness into which the innumerable passages branch out—the ghastly and affecting materials of which the walls that on every side enclose you are composed—the appropriate mottos and sentiments engraven on the rude stones, with various sepulchral devices, interspersed throughout the melancholy piles—the deep silence that reigns around, broken only by the voices of the visitors, in curiosity or terror,—conspire to render this the most interesting and instructive of all the exhibitions I have ever seen. There the gay and volatile spirit of the French seems to have sunk into something like seriousness: and thoughts and words that refer to the supreme being, and an eternal world, recorded. I give you a specimen. In a recess cut in the rock, and under an arch that rests upon a wall of skulls, is placed a sarcophagus, upon which is a tablet with this inscription:

Silence mortels
et vous vaincus grandeurs
Silence, c'est ici
le séjour de la mort.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ACROSTICK.

*Blest with a sound and comprehensive mind,
Enlighten'd by the study of mankind,
Not unembellish'd with book-learned lore,
Jealous of wrong, and bent the right to explore,
Austin arose—one steady course pursu'd,—
Mingling his private with the publick good.
In love domestick life's short race he ran ;
Not less a patriot than an honest man.*

*Alas, for us !—He's number'd with the dead :
Up to his Maker his rapt spirit fled.
Satire his sharpen'd shafts aside has thrown ;
Triumphant party deigns his worth to own ;
Ingratitude her head declines with shame ;
Nor dares fell envy blast his honest fame.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' P. FOLIO.

Sir,—I send you a book entitled "Politeness of Manners and Behaviour in Fashionable Society, from the French of the Abbé Bellegarde." I have marked certain passages, which I think are well adapted to assist in filling your interesting paper. If you are of the same opinion, please to insert them and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Politeness is a summary of all the moral virtues; it is an assemblage of discretion, civility and circumspection to render to every one the duty he has a right to expect, and to adorn all our words and actions with grace and affability. It is not merely an exterior and affected quality, it is a virtue springing out of the heart. It is the offspring of a well directed mind, possessing itself, and being master of its own sentiments; that loves to do justice to every one, and to sacrifice its own interest rather than to injure that of others; that disregards the clamors of vulgar opinion, and requires not an explanation upon every trifling and equivocal expression.

To become truly polite much reason is necessary, and a considerable knowledge of the world; and added to these, an exact acquaintance with the decorums, due to each particular rank of men.

It cannot be denied that politeness is one of the great charms of civil society. It teaches us to be compassionate to the weaknesses of some, and to bear patiently the caprices and extravagance of others; to enter into their sentiments with a view to lead them to reason, by mild and insinuating means, and in short, to conform to

the taste of all, from a true desire of pleasing.

To succeed in this design men assimilate to all characters; and although it is extremely difficult to maintain a long complaisance with people of perverse dispositions, yet the polite man never deviates from his path, but subdues his temper, and brings it, or rather seems to bring it, into conformity with all their peculiarities; however capricious we may be, it is scarcely possible not to esteem those who treat us with such assiduous attention.

The fair sex naturally more affable, more complaisant, and more courteous, than the men, have also more politeness; and it is chiefly in the conversation of the ladies, that we learn to be civil and polite, from the desire we have to please them.

Many pass for polite, who have only the mere exterior of politeness; they hide themselves under borrowed appearances which may dazzle for a time, but a short intercourse with them discovers their hypocrisy. If we praise them unceasingly; if we grant every thing they ask and never offend them, they are good natured, obliging, and complaisant; we should take them for models of politeness; but the least uneasiness we occasion them, or the omission of some act of complaisance, unwinds the machine, throws down the mask, and shews them in their true colours; they become clamorous and agitated, they say a thousand ill-natured things of us, they forget the part they are playing, and no longer think of disguising, but such whimsical inequalities bring upon them general contempt.

There is a great difference between true politeness, and those little formalities which precise persons affect to give them an air of distinction; their studied grimaces, their mincing looks, and that false delicacy they assume, excite the ridicule of people of good sense. Lucetta conceits to stand high in answering as a simpleton to the questions put to her, her politeness consists only in continual affectation: she is alarmed at the least evil which happens to her as if all were lost, or her life in danger; she thinks people catch cold as they do the small-pox, and is highly offended if you chance to cough in her presence.

King George IV. has granted the dignity of Baronet to Walter Scott, Esq.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE DESULTORY CONTRIBUTOR.

NO. VII.

"Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O! what were man?—a world without a sun!"

True—and beautifully hast thou said it, amiable poet! Thy words, Campbell, have sunk deep into my heart; and I fain would give all I am worth for a home, irradiated by the smiles of "plighted love." But alas! fate has otherwise ordained it. After roaming throughout the day, fatigued in body, and depressed in mind, I return to my habitation, which no kind sun illuminates, but where all is as dreary as a desert, and as gloomy as the cells of a prison.

Home! What a charm does that single word possess. How attractive is home. How exhilarating the idea, that when thou hast laboured through the toils of the day, or when fortune proves unpropitious to thee, thou canst retire to the bosom of thy family, always ready to receive thee; where a beloved consort and her little innocents greet thee with kind words and cheerful countenances, and give thee a welcome—a welcome more grateful, more exquisite to thy soul, than would be to thy taste all the spices of distant Arabia.

Here thou canst rest, undisturbed by the cares of business, unprovoked by fawning sycophants and deceitful pretended friends, who smile upon thee when fortune smiles, and frown upon thee when fortune frowns. Here thou canst confide to the faithful bosom of thy beloved partner all the inmost secrets of thy soul; thy hopes, fears and expectations. She will preserve them as inviolate as they would be even in thy own breast; and should pain and sorrow overtake thee, she will prove to thee

an administering angel of aid, comfort and consolation.

Man, like the majestick oak, withstands the most boisterous storm, unbroken and undismayed; if he bends he does not break; but, like the willow is often laid prostrate by trifling gales. Petty misfortunes frequently disturb his happiness, more than great ones; then the gentle, consoling, soothing voice of the wife of his bosom represents them to him in their true colours; as unworthy of his notice, as insufficient, when considered in their proper light, to excite in his mind so much uneasiness.

Indeed those that cannot find happiness at home in the bosom of their families, will in vain seek for it elsewhere; and those, who ridicule and despise the sacred ordinance of marriage, would do well to reflect, ere it be too late, on the folly and I may add, impiety of speaking disrespectfully of an ordinance, so conducive to the happiness and welfare of mankind.

"Till Hymen brought his love delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind, that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd."

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE DEPARTURE.

"Now fitted the halter—now travers'd the cart—
And often took leave; but seem'd loth to depart."

Never did two lines proceed from any poet more comprehensive than

these. Methinks I see the poor criminal. I see him shake hands with his relations—take a step forward on the cart;—bid farewell to all around him;—make a sudden effort, as if determined to dally no longer;—but ere he reaches the halter, his courage has fled, and he stands shivering in despair. But the time draws on apace, when, if he himself does not fix the halter, some officer will do it for him—and after many bows, many "farewells," each one intended for the last—the cap is drawn over his eyes, and he is launched into eternity.

I was strongly reminded of this couplet, when I left my native village. For upwards of a week, I had intended that each day should be the last of my stay in this dear vale. But as the day came, there was always something to prevent my leaving it. Here, is the brook, beside which I often have stood with so much pleasure, angling for the little fish that sport in its beautiful stream: and can I leave this without once more spending an afternoon at its side? No, it is impossible. And so with each of these beloved scenes; I had not the heart to leave any of them, without spending a few hours with them.

I remember particularly one night: it was the one before I finally accomplished my design. I was to walk a distance of about four miles to the post town; and I had my bundle under my arm. Having bidden farewell to my parents, and to all my playmates, I was trudging along trying to make myself merry by whistling "hey ho cherry," but in vain; my tune turned into a most melancholy whine, as I passed some of my favourite resorts, and I at length concluded my tune with the "Exile of Erin." I had proceeded about a quarter of a mile on my way, when coming to the brook which I mentioned before, I look'd upon its waters;—not a breath Disturb'd their peaceful flow; I look'd upon the land—'twas still as death, Beneath the moon's mild glow.

This was a stumbling-block I could not get over ; the tears followed each other rapidly down my cheek : and after sitting some time by its side, indulging my feelings, I came to the right about, and retraced my steps. I saw, or thought I saw, it matters not which, that my father was displeased with my irresolution ; and the next evening I left that peaceful home to which I was destined never to return.

Reader ! shouldst thou ever pass through the vale at the foot of Mount Plynnimon, in Wales, drop a tear for him, who shall view no more those scenes, in which his soul delighted.

No more to them shall I return,
In a far distant land I mourn,
No relative my eye shall close,
Nor weep when I in earth repose.

J. Q. V.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ON CLAPPING.

Mr. Editor,—Among the customs handed down to us from barbarous nations, is not that of expressing approbation by clapping the hands one of the number ? Be it so, or not, I wish you to inform the gentlemen, who may read your paper, that it is disagreeable to the ladies in general, so far as my acquaintance with them extends. At the theatre, it is true, where we go more for amusement than instruction, we are not so much disgusted, as at some other places. But even there it is frequently carried to an excess, which is painful to those possessed of delicate feelings.

At the anniversary oration on the fourth of July, at the addresses delivered before our humane and benevolent societies, at the literary exhibitions in our academies and colleges, it appears still more improper. Silent attention and the noiseless smile of approbation, must be much more agreeable to the speakers, and convenient to that part of the company,

who attend for the purpose of hearing.

But what I wish more particularly to complain of is the introduction of this practice at Oratorios of *sacred musick*. Here every mind, not to say piously or virtuously disposed, but even possessed of feelings of common decency, must on the least reflection, be shocked at such an outrage on propriety.

I know not that this has ever happened more than once, and I pray Heaven it may never occur again.

CECILIA.

The principles of the American revolution cannot be too early impressed on the minds of the rising race. Republican principles cannot be formed too early, if we wish to ensure the permanency of our republican institutions. The youthful heart receives strong and durable impressions, and it is almost impossible to expunge the traces of such early habits from the mind. Our youth are taught in schools to study the histories of Greece, Rome and England ; but how seldom is their attention directed towards American history. They become familiar with monarchs and emperors, with all the ostentatious parade of nobility, while they are brought up in ignorance of the simplicity of free and republican institutions. The young mind, always prone to delight in novelty, is thus disciplined and tutored to a disrelish for every thing, that does not participate in the splendour of monarchies. The children look around, and they neither behold kings, emperors, or nobles. Their minds thus taught early to despise the principles of our own revolution, rarely can be brought, except by a long course of discipline, to a reverence for republics. May it not be a question worthy the attention of parents and instructors, whether the study of American history should not at least make a part of the instruction of American youth.

Balt. Ad.

ADMONITIONS

To those who glory in seducing the Affections of the Fair, and then deserting them.

No man ought certainly to make his pretensions to a lady, till he is fully convinced her person, her tem-

per, and her fortune are perfectly agreeable to his circumstances and way of thinking ; for without such previous knowledge, he undertakes at random the most important affair of life ; and then no wonder if he involves himself in difficulties and uneasiness.

Love, whatsoever some may think of it, is not to be sported with, nor is the affection of a lady, to be attempted till a man is assured his own is fixed on a lasting principle. All imaginable caution is necessary and adviseable beforehand ; but, after his professions of regard, his services and solicitations, have won her heart ; and made him dear to her, reason, honour, justice, all oblige him to make good his engagements, and to be careful of her peace. Then there is no retreating ; nor can any thing but *her loss of virtue* justify his leaving her ; and whether he has promised her marriage, or not, makes very little difference ; for surely, if he has courted her affections, and gained them, upon the reasonable supposition, that he intended to make her his wife, the contract is, in the sight of heaven, of equal force. He who basely imposes on the honest heart, of an unsuspecting girl ; and, after winning her affections and esteem by the soft and prevailing rhetoric of courtship, can ungenerously leave her to sorrow and complaining, is more detestable than a common robber, in the same proportion as private treachery is more villainous than open force, and money of less concern than happiness.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

Never affect being difficult of access, let your station be ever so exalted. When inferiors come to visit you, or even to petition your assistance, receive them cheerfully, and dismiss them speedily ; for the impatience of attending dependants is very great, and nothing but pride and ill nature, can take pleasure therein. When we pour out our complaints, or addresses to heaven, if they were to be rejected, till our betters were served before us, what would become of most of our petitions ? Which would be the proper season to apply in ? Always pay a deference to your superiors, an humble behaviour to your equals, either in age or any other respect ; a condescending courteousness to your inferiors ; an unaffected pleas-

ure in serving and obliging all. By this rule you will secure both their respect and love: yet in this part of your behaviour there is a nice caution to be observed. If you become too familiar with those below you, there is great danger of losing their esteem and affection. There is likewise a reservedness, which in young persons of your sex, is both becoming and necessary; I mean such a distance in behaviour, as to shun the impertinence of sops, beaux, and rakes; to avoid their conversation, to be deaf to their discourses, to reject their artifices, and to despise their compliments.

As the vanity of dress is what most young people are liable to, I think it proper to give you my sentiments and advice concerning it. Be but persuaded of my tender affection for you, and then my cautions will become agreeable. Expensive dress is not a crime, because there is any harm in good apparel; but because it shows a depravity of mind, which turns the necessary use of clothes into extravagance, pride and folly. A person, who is vain in his dress, can never have an upright mind in all other respects; nor is it possible for a gaudy outside to have any thing wise or sedate within. If in complaisance to the *Beau Monde*, I would give up the argument, could you imagine it equal to a reasonable creature, to follow any custom, but that there is no hurt in it? Bare innocence has no claim to merit; therefore never make the way of the world your measure in this, to cry out with other gay girls, ‘Where can be the harm of clothes?’ In the moderate use of lawful things there can be no crime; but in all extremes there is. Nothing is more innocent than rest and retirement; yet nothing more dangerous, than sloth and idleness. Nothing is more necessary, than eating and drinking; yet nothing more brutish, than gluttony—nothing more unmanly, than drunkenness. Nothing more refreshing, than sleep; yet nothing more stupifying, than an indulgence of it. Nothing more becoming than to be neat and clean in apparel; yet nothing more opposite to the christian spirit of meekness, than to be extravagant in dress, and to lay out too much thought and expence in adorning the body. You are to consider vanity in dress as an indulgence of pride and levity, and an offence against humility and discretion. There is nothing to be said for the wis-

dom of any virtue, but what is as good an argument for the wise and reasonable use of dress; therefore never incline to wear any thing particular in it, nor be apt to fall in with the folly of every fashion. Be vain in nothing; for one kind of vanity differs from another, only as one kind of intemperance does from another.

ITALIAN BANDITI.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Rome, dated 6th February. 1819:—“ We have just escaped with our lives, and only just. Thirty miles from here, between Rome and Naples, at half past two, in the middle of one of the finest days you ever beheld, the sun shining beautifully, seven of the celebrated banditti rushed from out of a wood; G. and myself were on the box; each man levelled his gun at us; the post boy fell off his horse; we immediately, finding it quite impossible to resist, got on the ground as soon as possible; they began with me; I had nothing in my pockets but my watch, which I saved; they next attacked J. tore his clothes all open, took all his money, watch, &c. then to G. and his servant, took both their watches, and stabbed G.’s. servant in several places with a stiletto. They were more capitally armed than any thing you ever saw. They then began upon the carriage, got in and turned every thing out; the first object was my poor dressing case, with snuff boxes, watches, all my fox hunting matters, brushes, combs; &c. &c. took every one, next all our money, not one sixpence left, either of ours or servants; they then knocked me down with the barrel of the gun, tore the ring off my finger, which they were just going to cut off, only my ring came off, then tore my shirt pin from my neckcloth, kicked me under the horses, leaving one man standing over me with the muzzle of a loaded gun at one ear, and another with a stiletto, if I moved to murder me; they then broke open the front trunk, and took every single shirt, neckcloth, stockings, and shoes of both servants, so that they have neither money nor clothes; they took most of my clean things, but would not take any dirty. G. has lost all except his uniform. They packed them up in seven sacks, and each took his sack and walked quietly into the wood again. I can assure you, we were for 23 minutes every instant expecting to be shot or stuck,

as they told us we should if any one spoke, and threatened, if they did not find enough of plunder, to send us up the mountains, and would have 300 ducats ransom for each—if not given in so many days, we were to be tortured to death; they have got our all, value upwards of 400*l.* but which is thought nothing of, having saved our lives: for I assure you for half an hour I expected every moment to die; they were during that time employed in robbing us.”

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THEATRE.

On Wednesday evening last, “The Bride of Abydos” was performed for the second time before an audience, respectable in number—but more so in taste and discernment. There were none of the noisy rabble present—or if there were any, who at common scenic representations are of this description, they were struck dumb by the splendour of the scenery and the excellence of the performance. A few times, indeed, in the course of the evening, a general applause resounded through the house; but noisy plaudits soon gave way to perfect silence and riveted attention. The spectators were “all eye, all ear,” a species of approbation, which must be infinitely more gratifying to a judicious performer, than the loudest vociferations, with the too common accompaniments of hands, feet and canes.

We hesitate not to say, that so long as such pieces are “got up,” and such actors, as the generality of the present company consist of, are employed, so long those, who are willing and able to contribute towards the support of the theatre, ought to gratify themselves by attending. We feel confident that those, who have witnessed this spectacle, will consider this account of it as sober truth, and

NO PUFF.

VEGETABLE LONGEVITY.

There is a pear-tree in New-York now in full bloom, which was brought from Holland in the year 1647.—In Hartford, Connecticut, are two apple-

trees, which were transplanted from England in 1633, only thirteen years after the first landing at Plymouth. They continue to produce fruit, although they bear evident marks of extreme old age.—The famous pear-tree at Salem, planted by Gov. Endicott, about the same time as those abovementioned, was in bearing condition a very few years back, and we have not heard of its death.

Since the above was in type we have received the Salem Gazette, from which we make the following extract.

"The celebrated *Endicott Pear Tree*, now flourishing on the estate in Danvers, owned by S. Endicott, Esq. a lineal descendant of Gov. Endicott, was planted in 1628 by the governor. Danvers at that time was part of Salem, or Naumkeake."

It is notorious that the English pronounce the letter *h* where they should not, and omit it, where they should pronounce it. An English gentleman was met lately, on the afternoon of his marriage day, dressed more elegantly than usual, and upon being asked the cause, replied, "That he was going to halter his condition."

Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer of N. York, and Mr. Howard, of Baltimore, are said to be the first Americans who ever visited the summit of Mount Blanc, the highest peak of the Alps. It was a difficult, dangerous and romantic expedition, which they performed in 1819.

A gentleman at Philadelphia, mentions, that he went into a hat store, in that city, to buy a patent hat, under strong prejudices against them: but on examination, he satisfied himself that he was in an error; and purchased one for three dollars and fifty cents, which is equal to those which he has given 10 dollars for, for a number of years past.

The remains of the venerable President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, were on the 30th, solemnly conveyed to St. Paul's for interment, followed by 42 mourning coaches, and a line of carriages, which extended from St. Paul's to St. Clement's church.

Many papers from the western states contain the statement of the singular elopement of Mr. William Trigg, former cashier of the Branch Bank of Kentucky, at Paris, (Ky.) with a young woman of a respectable family of that place. To assuage in some measure the grief and indignation, which the relatives and friends of the indiscreet and unfortunate pair must feel at their extraordinary and wicked conduct, we have the satisfaction to state, that about two weeks ago they arrived at Malden, at which time the statement had reached there, and as soon as their arrival was known, measures were taken to convince them of the impropriety of their conduct. The gentlemen who undertook this delicate business, and who, we believe, were personally acquainted with Mr. Trigg, had the satisfaction to find both deeply impressed by the magnitude of their guilt, and the injury they had done their relatives and themselves. They consented to an immediate separation, and the young woman is now in this place, while Mr. Trigg remains at Malden. *Detroit pa.*

The Legislature of Alabama have passed a law, inflicting a fine of 2000 dollars, imprisonment for three months and disqualification for any office of honour or profit, in the state, against every person concerned as principal or aiders and abettors in duelling.

It is said a robe to cost 30,000*l.* has been ordered in England, to be worn by George IV. at his coronation.

William Davis, for murder, and Richard Hall, for store breaking and robbery, are under sentence of death at Alexandria.

The woods in Westport, Berkley, &c. in Bristol county, have been on fire several days, and the destruction at the last date, had extended 15 miles. Seven houses, and many barns, &c. had been consumed.

It was reported in Spain, at the last dates, that persons had been sent from Portugal to the new Government at Madrid, to propose that that country should be annexed to Spain, and enjoy the benefits of the Constitution of the Cortes.

A Bakery occupied by Mr. Loring, and an adjoining dwelling house, belonging to Mrs. Flagg, near Boylston Market, were consumed by fire, about 4 o'clock this morning.

Six valuable dwelling houses, and an equal number of barns, &c. were destroyed by fire on the night of the 5th inst. in Reading, Pa.

On Tuesday last, the house of Capt. Joseph Hastings, of Weston, was consumed by fire. Mrs. H. in attempting to save some property, was burnt to death.

The floating chapel in the Thames appears to grow in the affections of the sailors. The novelty of a floating chapel having subsided, the people from the shore do not appear on board as formerly, but the number of sailors, for whom the chapel was intended, increases to replace them. On the last Sunday morning the congregation consisted of between five and six hundred sailors, and between two and three hundred in the afternoon. Such a scene is as admirable as it is novel, and while there continues to be such attendance on the public service of God, there cannot but be good ground to expect important and beneficial consequences to seamen, and to society generally.

Lon. Pa.

Theatre.—On Monday Eve. May 14, will be performed, a prelude, called *Like Master Like Man*; together with a new melo drama, never performed in Boston, called the *Jew of Lubec*; after which the much admired drama of the *Inkeeper's Daughter*.

MARRIED,

In Virginia, Mr. James Steele, aged 76, to Miss Deborah Iron 71. "*A tough match.*"

In Salem, Mr. William Wait, of this town, to Miss Sarah Newhall.

In this town, William H. Prescot, Esq. to Miss Susannah Amory.

Mr. Chester Child to Miss Mary Malcomb.

Mr. Richard B. Hewes to Mrs. Mary Boyer.

Mr. Charles N. Chandler to Miss Thankful Samson.

Mr. John Stoddard to Miss Lucinda Alden.

Capt. David Marden to Miss Mary Seavy, both of Portsmouth, N.H.

DIED,

In this town, Mr. William H. Johnson, aged 35.

Abigail Going Stevens, 3.

Miss Ann Gardner, 17.

Mr. Cyprian Benedict, 34.

Miss. Sarah Cate, 16.

POETRY

Our correspondents are earnestly requested to inform us whether their communications are original or selected, as it not always in our power to ascertain to which class the pieces we receive belong. The following is of this description.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE ORPHANS.—A BALLAD.

O lady, buy these budding flowers,
For I am sad, and wet, and weary ;
I gather'd them, ere break of day,
When all was lonely, sad and dreary ;
And long I've sought to sell them here,
To purchase cloathes, and food, and dwelling,
For Valor's wretched orphan girls,
Poor me and my young sister Ellen.

Ah ! those who tread the thornless way,
In Fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem my wants require no aid,
Because my lips, are mute, unasking.
They have no hearts for woes like mine ;
Each word, each look, is cold, repelling,
Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawn'd,
And fortune smil'd on me and Ellen.

Oh ! buy my flowers they're fair and fresh,
As mine and morning tears could keep them ;
To-morrow's sun shall see them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them.
Yet this sweet bud, if nur's'd with care,
Soon into fullness would be swelling ;
And, nurtur'd by some generous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen.

She's sleeping in the hollow tree,—
Her only home—its leaves her bedding ;
And I've no food to carry there,
To soothe the tears she will be shedding.
O that those mourners' tears which fall,
That bell which heavily is knelling,
And that deep grave was meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen.

When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will fall upon our grave,
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping;
Unknown we've liv'd, unknown must die ;
No tongue the mournful tale be telling—
Of two young broken-hearted girls,
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen.

No one has bought of me to day,
And night is now the town o'ershading,
And I, like these poor drooping flowers,
Unnotic'd and unwept am fading.
My soul is struggling to be free,
It loathes its wretched earthly dwelling ;
My limbs refuse to bear their load ;
O God ! protect lone orphan Ellen. F. J.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH
OF A FRIEND.

There is in life a mystic veil,
So closely woven round the heart,
That tho' the powers of earth assail,
Their feeble arts cannot prevail
To rend its tristful thread apart.

'Tis Friendship, true and undefil'd,
Which closer twines as years increase—
It checks the varying passions wild,
And oft has mental woes beguil'd,
By gilding with a ray of peace.
'Tis this, that smooths misfortune's brow,
And bids the tear-drop cease to flow !

'Twas late I sought "my native vale,"
With joy and hope, my breast beat high,
In fancy's glass the scenes of youth
Again in quick succession fly.

I saw, (where oft in "better days,")
The hills where I was wont to roam,
Again I grasp'd the cordial hand
Of Friendship, at my native home.

Anticipation swell'd my breast,
As now I saw the spires arise—
The well-known trees in verdure dress'd,
Inspired my heart and gave a zest,
I could not then too highly prize.

But see the funeral train ascend
The "hill of death," where hundreds sleep ;
My footsteps thitherward I bend,
As there, perchance, my long tried friend,
May with congenial sorrow weep.

A thousand varying tho'ts possess'd
My bosom as I gain'd the spot,
Where all the "weary are at rest,"
And all the wretched are forgot.

* * * * *
Is there a grief that cannot feel ?
A moment, that the pulse is still ?
A wound, which time can never heal ?
'Tis this, the stream of life will chill.
I wildly gaz'd, but did not rave !
I found this spot was *Friendship's grave.*

ESSEX.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

J. B. TO SERIO COMICO.

I've read, with much pleasure your late quaint
epistle—
My feelings accord to the notes of your whistle—
A proof that they vibrate in more than one
vein,

Or they could not relish your comical strain.

'Tis not mine to direct the keen arrows of
wit,
Or on Faust's lofty throne as an umpire to sit ;
Nor wish I your talents for punning to tram-
mel,
When you Pegasus leave, to ride forth on a
camel.

I've express'd no dislike, sir, to Cowper or
Young,
Or the strains, which a Pope and a Milton
have sung,
Nor did I at Butler's admirers e'er grumble,
Or find any fault with your favourite Trum-
bull.

Those bards I revere—and much *wish*, for
this reason,
Their spirits might leave their abodes for a
season,
True poetry's fire to enkindle and feed it—
I am sure, sir, that you and I very much need
it. J. B.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

LINES,

*Written at the New State House, Boston, on
the morning of May 10th. 1820.*

Blest sight, to see the glorious god of day
Arise in splendour, and the world illume,
How sweet to inhale the balmy breath of
May,
Conveying health from every opening bloom.
But ah ! what feeling heart but heaves a sigh!
To all the beauties of creation dead,
While thousands rang'd around extended lie,
Or in the grave—or on the feather bed !

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;
That spirit, to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heav'n,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whisper'd to the rose,
" Oh, fairest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt—'tis granted thee."
'Then' said the rose, ~~with~~ deepened glow,
" On me another grace bestow !"
The spirit paus'd—in silent thought !
What grace was there that flower had not ;
'Twas but a moment ; o'er the rose,
A veil of moss the angel throws ;
And rob'd in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?